

The Greenville Times.

VOL. 7.

GREENVILLE, WASHINGTON CO., MISS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

NO. 2.

REFUGE SALON.

HAVING NOW fitted up and opened my Salon in the Large Two Story Building.

MULBERRY STREET.

Refuge Club Room.

I NOW

SOLICIT THE PUBLIC PATRONAGE.

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PRATT'S

Southern-Made Gin.

Price, 44 per Saw.

This celebrated Gin, of light draft, makes a good sample, picks more lint from the same amount of seed cotton, and in less time, than any other gin. It does not break the roll nor choke, is simple in its construction, and not liable to get out of order.

It is a good rule to try all things, and hold fast to what has been approved, and answers the purpose for which it is used. This is the reason Pratt's Gin, and landlabeled by practical planters who have tried it.

Orders for Gins, from 40 to 80 saws, Gun Bands at New York factory prices, and complete sets of Segments, Bands, &c. promptly filled. Repaired by a skillful Ginwright. Address

G. W. TRUEHEART,

Agent for Daniel Pratt Gin Company, No. 10 Court street, MEMPHIS, TENN.

IMPORTANT TO INSURERS.

A WORD TO THE WIFE.

The following is the official list of all the Fire Insurance Companies authorized by law to transact business in the State of Mississippi:

Plaintiffs Insurance Company of Memphis, Tenn.

Live-Stock and London and Globe, Franklin of Philadelphia, Pa.

Phoenix of Brooklyn, New York.

Virginia Fire and Marine of Richmond, Va.

Contractors maintain this State with the agents or pretended Agents of other companies in direct violation of the laws of the State and absolutely null and void. In case of loss the insured will receive nothing from the company, and the money of the company will be used for the benefit of the State and Federal Courts without remedy.

S. W. FERGUSON, Ins. Agent.

COMPLETE

Stove and Tin-Shop!

A large and select stock of

STOVES.

COOKING AND OTHER, and all manner of Tin-Ware.

Complete Iron Worker, and other in

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES.

Always on hand and kept by

M. E. WETTERBERG.

PUMP OF VARIOUS KINDS.

PARTICULAR attention paid to all kinds of JOB WORK.

Guttering and so on in any portion of the city. Orders executed promptly and satisfaction guaranteed. No. 10 Washington Avenue and Main street, GREENVILLE.

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REPAIRS

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Now Mr. and Mrs. Dickens Were Separated.

London Correspondence of the Arcadian.

Your readers may have heard of the grand amateur performance given in 1859 at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in aid of the Douglas Jerrold fund. Dickens, Collins, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon and many other celebrated writers took part. The ladies' characters were interpreted by professional actresses. Among these was Miss Ellen Ternan. She was then a fresh, pleasant-looking girl, not especially pretty, but possessing a good figure and an extremely agreeable manner. If ever the German poet's doctrine of elective affinities was proved to be true, it was when Dickens and Miss Ternan met. It was evident to nearly all of us that the two were mutually infatuated. Dickens was constantly at her side, though his manner was carefully guarded. Mrs. Dickens was with the party, at she did not appear to notice the intimacy. Very soon after these performances Miss Ternan, at Dickens' wish, left the stage. His affection for her was said to have been purely platonic, and I have never met any one who was disposed to dispute this belief. But, nevertheless, it was this intimacy which was the final cause of the rupture between Dickens and his wife. For many years prior to 1859 their mutual relations had been anything but happy, although I do not think that Mrs. Dickens had previously had any well grounded cause for jealousy. A short time after the party returned from Manchester, Mrs. Dickens went into a fashionable jeweler's at the West End, where she was in the habit of doing, and was asked by one of the firm, who knew her well, how she did her new bracelet. She said she did not understand him, as he had not received any such article. The gentleman then explained that it was one Mr. Dickens had ordered for his wife, with a likeness and some hair in it. This, of course, opened Mrs. Dickens' eyes, and separation speedily followed.

Prize Fight Between an English Dwarf and a Bulldog.

From the London Telegraph.

The following is a graphic account of a prize fight between a dwarf known as "Brumby" and a bulldog known as "Physic," in a low sporting den in Hanley, England: The dwarf, however, was not to be so easily defeated all in a moment. Once the ghastly fight began, there was a dire fascination in it, and I noted closely the combat. The man was on all fours when the words "Let go" were uttered, and making accurate allowances for the length of the dog's chain, he arched his back cat-wise so as just to escape its fangs, and fetched it a blow on the crown of his head, that brought it almost to its knees. The dog's recovery, however, was instantaneous, and before the dwarf could draw back Physic made a second dash and this time its teeth grazed the bled's arm, causing a slight red trickling. He grinned scornfully and sucked the place, but there was tremendous excitement among the bulldog's backers, who clapped their hands with delight, rejoicing in the first blood. The hairy dwarf was still smiling, however, and while Dan held his dog preparatory to letting him go for round two, he was actually provoking it as much as he could, by sitting at it and presenting toward it the bleeding arm. The animal, flushed possibly with his first success, made for its opponent in a sudden leap, but the dwarf leaped forward too, and smote the bulldog such a tremendous blow under the ear as to roll it completely over, evidently bewildering it for a moment, and causing it to bleed freely, to the frantic joy of the friends of the man-beast. But they in turn were made to look serious, for with astonishing energy Physic turned about and with a dash was again at the dwarf, and this time contrived to fix his teeth in one of his hairy arms, a terrible gash appearing as the man snatched the limb out of his ravenous jaws. The bulldog was licking his lips, and had fewer tears in his eyes as his master drew him back. As for the dwarf, he retired to his corner for a whet of brandy and a moment's comforting with the towel. He was ready and smiling again, however, for "round 3," and this time it was a fight in earnest, the dog worrying the man, and the man dealing it terrific blows on the ribs and on the head with those sledge-hammer fists, till in the end both the man's arms were bleeding, and a horribly cheerful business was going on behind the ropes at two to one on Physic. But let me make short work of the ensuing seven rounds, which in some of their details were so revolting that more than once I would have left the place if I could. The company, generally, however, were made of far less sensitive stuff. The more furious the ghastly fight the keener was their relish for it, and in their excitement they leant over each other's shoulders and over the ropes, and mouthed and snarled and uttered guttural noises when a good hit or snap was made, just as the dog and the dwarf were doing. By the time round ten was concluded the bulldog's head was swelled much beyond the usual size; it had lost two teeth, and one of its eyes was entirely shut up; while as for the dwarf, his fists as well as his arms were reeking, and his hideous face was ghastly pale with rage and despair of victory. Fate was kind to him, however. In round eleven the dog came on fresh and foaming with awful persistence of fury, but with desperate strength the dwarf dealt him a tremendous blow under the chin, and with such effect that the dog was dashed against the wall, where despite all its master could do for it, for the space of one minute it lay still and the wretch who had so disgraced what aspect of humanity was in him was declared the victor. I shall have gone through that horrid spectacle to little purpose if any such tournaments are in future waged at Hanley.

How General Concha Was Killed.

Madrid Correspondence London Times.

Concha's movement in advance had resulted in an almost complete surrounding of Estrella, and consequently in almost total interception of the enemy's line of retreat to the strongholds in the Amecenas. When the Carlists perceived that the net was closing upon them with ever-narrowing mouth, they made a sudden and desperate dash against the weakest point of Concha's position. To support this shock there were two battalions, consisting almost entirely of young soldiers, and these fell back panic-stricken before the overwhelming numbers hurried against them, and suffered a heavy loss from the bayonets of the Carlists, who now gave no quarter. Seeing this, Concha ordered Echagüe's Division, to advance to the rescue. Observing, or thinking he observed, some slight hesitation, he himself rushed off and began haranguing the troops, when a Carlist ball struck him, killing him on the spot. It was eight at night. He fell in the act of speaking and waving his men on, and his death was one any soldier might envy; but his loss is great to the country and to the army which contains not many like him. His body was immediately raised from the ground and sent off to Tafalla. On General Echagüe, a daring and distinguished officer, the command devolved, but he did not deem it prudent to continue the movement in advance at that late hour in a mountainous district, and with the lines of the army extending to many miles; so he closed in his lines and contented himself with the previous conquered positions.

The Cotton Worm.

The New Orleans Times, in demonstrating the "worm probabilities" of the present year, quotes from the Washington county correspondence of a commission merchant in that city, as follows:

"WASHINGTON CO., MISS., July 12, 1874.

Dear Sir—During the past week I have found caterpillars on the cotton in two places. I am no alarmist, but their appearing so early, and the cotton crop being later than usual, bodes serious injury to it. This is only the advance crop, but I think about the 25th of this month we will see them out again, and by the middle of August, unless they can be destroyed, the cotton crop will be ruined. They are in all my neighbors' fields—C. B., W. and M., all having found them in their crops. I have written to planters in Selma and Natchez to learn all I can about the time and manner of application of Paris Green or arsenic to destroy them, who I am informed last year successfully used poison on their crops and preserved them from destruction until frost.

WASHINGTON CO., MISS., August 3, 1874.

Dear Sirs—On Wednesday the worms broke out in the cotton again, and are now all over the places. The Paris Green destroys them. If you are willing to let me have the material I would like enough to save 800 acres, for I now believe that by the 29th of this month the crop will be gone unless something be done. The cotton on eight or nine hundred acres is now very large and fine, and as good as I ever saw, and they will cut it off at least one-third if not protected. Three hundred and fifty pounds more poison and seventy-five barrels of common flour, to be had in St. Louis for \$3 to \$25 per barrel, will protect it. If you will assist me just order from St. Louis, and order immediately so I can use last of next week."

The Lawyer Floored.

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